

PZ

7

B77

Li

FT MEADE  
GenColl

The Little  
Twin  
Roses



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

---

Chap.----- Copyright No.-----

Shelf-----

---

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





THE LITTLE TWIN ROSES







“WE MUST MANAGE IT SOMEHOW, I TELL YOU!” — Page 45.

THE  
LITTLE TWIN ROSES

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS

BY

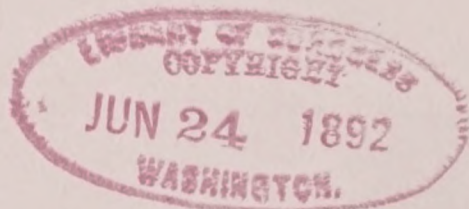
MARY D. BRINE

*Author of "The Little New Neighbor," "Bonnie Little Bonibel," "Dan," etc.*

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK  
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY  
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

1892



12793X1

R

P27  
B77  
Li

Copyright, 1892  
BY E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY



PRESS OF  
Rockwell and Churchill  
BOSTON

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

|                                                                   | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| “WE MUST MANAGE IT SOMEHOW, I TELL YOU!” <i>Frontispiece</i>      |      |
| “LISTEN, WILLIE!” . . . . .                                       | 9    |
| “KITTY WAS QUITE READY TO CRY FROM DISAPPOINT-<br>MENT” . . . . . | 17   |
| GOING A-FISHING . . . . .                                         | 25   |
| “WISH YOU’D BUY SOMETHIN’, MA’AM” . . . . .                       | 31   |
| KITTY WAITS, AND THINKS OF THOSE TURKEYS. . . .                   | 37   |
| “SUCH A HEADACHE!” . . . . .                                      | 53   |
| “SO TIRED!” . . . . .                                             | 55   |
| A LULLABY DUET WITH THE KETTLE . . . . .                          | 57   |
| “‘GOBBLE, GOBBLE,’ YOURSELVES” . . . . .                          | 61   |





“LISTEN, WILLIE!” — *Page 10.*

## THE LITTLE TWIN ROSES.

---

THEY sat at the table eating their supper of bread and milk. Very pretty little Roses they were, too. Sometimes they were called “Wild Roses,” sometimes “Blush Roses,” and quite frequently they deserved to be called “Climbing Roses,” as every fence and tree on the place could tell you, had they only tongues to speak and tell tales.

Just now they were out of mischief, these little twins, for Mamma Rose had given them their early supper, and soon they would be snug and safe in their small beds, and out of harm's way till the sunbeams should hunt them up again.

"Listen, Willie!"

"I'm listenin'."

"There's Rosebud a-cryin' again."

"That ain't anythin' new; she's forever a-cryin' lately."

Willie paused in the act of tilting his cup for its last drop of milk, as he spoke, and Kitty stopped stirring the lump of sugar in hers, as they listened with grave little faces to baby's cry in the next room.

Baby Rose, or, as she was oftener called, "*Rosebud*," was being teased and fretted by one or two wee pearls of teeth which were pushing through the sensitive little gums, and making life very miserable for the little bud of sweetness so dear to the family of Roses.

For several nights mamma had been kept awake by baby's restlessness, and during the days it had

been one constant effort to make baby comfortable, and so she had grown very tired and anxious, this dear, patient mamma; and the little twins felt sorry for her, and almost vexed with the poor little Rosebud, who didn't know really just how much trouble she was making.

The twins went on with their supper, and Rosebud's little plaintive wail subsided gradually, while mamma sang lullabies wearily, and the shadows of night fell softly down from the skies above.

"Oh, dear! don't you wish we were rich folks, Willie?" asked Kitty, presently, with a little sigh.

"Guess I do, Kit, but what's the use wishin'?"

"Oh, I'd go an' buy mamma the beautifulest things, an' make her have such easy times."

"But *she'd* be rich, too, if we were, an' could buy beautiful things her own self, an'—"

"But maybe we'd have somethin' 'sides bread an' milk for our supper nights, an' we could have silk things to wear like those child'en at the hotel down yonder. But 'tain't the leastest use wishin,' cause I most know we won't ever be rich like them."

“Well, there’s lots poorer ’n *we* are, Kitty Rose; we don’t have to wear rags like beggars we read of in our story-books, an’ we have other things ’cept bread an’ milk when its breakfast an’ dinner, you know. ’Sides, papa, he’s got a ship somewhere what’s goin’ to bring him lots of money some day.”

“Why, Willie Rose, what a great, big story! I don’t b’lieve papa’s got a ship at all, else we’d seen it sailin’ sometime.”

“He has, too, ’cause one night I heard him tell mamma that when his ship came home she shouldn’t be so bothered ’bout things, an’ he could take some rest; so *now*, do you think I told a big story?”

Kitty was quite puzzled. Strange she had never known that her father owned a ship! where was it sailing now, she wondered, and why didn’t he take them all for a sail in it, and let them have fun like the people at the hotel who went sailing in the lake sometimes? Well, it was all very strange, and she meant to ask grandma about it the first chance she got.

When the supper was finished, the twins scampered out to the small garden to have a race and frolic before going to bed; (oh, how they hated to go to bed!) and after baby was sound asleep, and laid softly down in her little crib, mamma called her wild Roses in to get ready for their night's rest.

"It isn't half dark yet, mamma," complained Kitty, reluctant to leave the grassy playground before she had had one more game of "tag" with Willie.

"All the chickies have gone to roost, don't you see?" she replied, with a smile, "and why should mine be up and about at the nesting-time?"

"We ain't chickies, mamma," laughed roguish Willie, "we're *Roses*, an' the roses are staying up, see?" He pulled off a rose, as he spoke, and held it up to her.

"Ah, if the little rose had hidden away in its bed of leaves, it would have been out of harm's way, wouldn't it?" she replied, "and a mischievous little hand could not have torn it from the mother-bush. Come, little son, say good-night to all outdoors, and get into your bed as soon as possible."

It didn't take long for that business, and soon the moonbeams stole in through the open window of a quiet, small chamber, and shone tenderly about the beds where our twin Roses were sleeping peacefully side by side, the dark-haired little sister and the fair-haired, blue-eyed little brother.

---

The next morning Kitty, happening to remember the "ship" of which Willie had told her, went to grandma's room for a private conversation.

Sitting on a little stool at the dear old lady's knee, Kitty began :

"Gran'ma, where's papa's ship?"

Grandma's eyes opened wide behind her spectacles.

"Papa's what?" she asked.

"Papa's ship, you know; where's he sailin' it, gran'ma?"

"Bless me, child, what do you mean? Papa has nothing to do with a ship."

"Oh, yes," gravely, "for Willie heard him tell mamma 'bout it, an' it's comin' in some day with,

oh, a lot of money, an' we're all goin' to be rich, gran'ma, an' I want you to tell me all 'bout where it's sailin' to now, an' where did papa buy it?"

How old grandma did laugh, and how indignant little Kitty was! Grandma chuckled and chuckled, and her fat, short body shook all over, and joggled Kitty's head as it lay against grandma's knee.

But finally the laugh subsided, and the dear old face grew less merry, and the soft old hand rested lovingly on Kitty's tangled dark locks.

"My darling, Willie didn't understand just what papa meant, and you have neither of you heard the old saying, I suppose, 'when my ship comes in,' so, of course, you didn't know what papa really meant. Grandma will explain; but what were you and Willie talking about, and when did Willie hear the remark?"

Kittie was quite ready to cry from disappointment, but she bravely kept back the tears, and explained to grandma the conversation she and Willie had had the evening before, and she couldn't bear to give up the anticipation even yet, that one fine day

papa *would* have a ship come sailing in all full of good things for them all.

Grandma explained the "saying" (which even all my little readers know about, so old a saying it is), and explained also to discontented Kitty how much she had to be thankful for, and how much better off she and Willie were, notwithstanding the fact that papa had to work hard for the support of his family. She reminded Kitty of the fact that many little girls and boys had *no* dear mother and father, and that they (the twins) could not be grateful enough for the blessing of their own dear parents, and the little rosebud of a baby besides; and she made her comprehend, too, that all the riches in the world could not make a person happy unless there was a contented heart and loving, kindly disposition behind it all. And Kitty nestled closer to grandma's knee, and began to love mamma, papa, baby, grandma, and Willie more and more from that very minute. Pretty soon she climbed into grandma's lap and put two loving little arms about the dear old neck.



“KITTY WAS QUITE READY TO CRY FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.” — *Page 15.*



“Willie an’ I ought to be *very* good an’ sweet ’cause we’re *Roses*, you know, gran’ma, an’ roses are always so sweet and nice. I don’t care if papa *isn’t* rich like hotel folks, he’s dear, an’ so are you, an’ mamma’s precious, an’ Rosebud’s the bestest baby when she ain’t cryin’ an’ worryin’ mamma, an’ Willie an’ I, we love each other lots, we do, an’ — oh, gran’ma, I don’t care if there *ain’t* any ship!”

So she ran singing and skipping out of the room in search of Willie. She found him sitting in the swing disconsolately.

“If I were a girl twin an’ had a boy twin, I guess I wouldn’t go hidin’ away from him jus’ to be mean, I wouldn’t!” he complained. “I couldn’t find you any place at all.”

“Why, Willie Rose! you’re cross as can be, an’ — an’ you’re a — a Rose with a big thorn stickin’ out an’ prickin’ me, *you* are! I ain’t been anywhere to hide, only in my gran’ma’s room, an’ there ain’t any ship at all, not the leastest bit of a ship sailin’ home to papa, for gran’ma told me so her own

self, an' she says that's only a *sayin'*, an' means when people want anythin' very much, oh, *dre'fully*, they make a plan to get it, an' then they keep hopin' things will turn out right, an' they make believe they've got a ship sailin' from a way-off shore, all full of good things for 'em, an' when the good things *don't* keep comin', they say, 'Never mind, *some* day my ship'll come home an' bring 'em;' that's all it means, you see, Willie, so papa was only tryin' to comfort himself and mamma by makin' believe, an' that's lots better 'n whinin' an' frettin', an' bein' discouraged, gran'ma says."

Willie listened attentively to this speech, and comprehended it thoroughly, and, like Kitty, had his disappointment, and bravely kept back tears, before he was ready to take the second instalment of gran'ma's conversation with Kitty.

He was an affectionate little fellow, and as ready as his twin sister to be a *fragrant* Rose in the bower of roses which he called Home.

He and Kitty were so good all that day, keeping out of mischief, and helping mamma all they could,

that she was quite amazed, and wondered what had come over her *Wild Roses* all of a sudden. That speech of hers turned them speedily into "Blush Roses," for somehow they felt as if they were keeping a secret from mamma, and that was something quite new for them.

At their quiet little bread and butter supper that night, Willie confided to Kitty that he saw grandma knitting some slippers that afternoon, and she had told him as a secret that they were a present for mamma on her birthday. "She said it was a secret, but I don't b'lieve she meant me not to tell my twin sister, do you?" he added, a little anxiously. And Kitty replied, seriously, "Oh, no, 'cause we're same as one, you know. I didn't know mamma's birthday was for ever so long, did you?"

"No; an', oh, Kitty, *papa* won't be home! He said in his last letter he couldn't come till fall, an' here it is right in the middle of the summer, an' the birthday comes next week, grandma says."

"*Oh, Willie!*" She clasped her hands with the last exclamation, and compressed her lips as though

bursting to tell something she was not quite ready to confide.

“You made me most jump an’ spill my milk,” said the boy, half pettishly.

“Well, but I’ve got a splendid idea, Willie Rose, an’ it must be every bit our own secret, too, else it won’t be any fun at all.”

Willie was all ears, and pushed his empty bowl away, wiping his moist little lips with the back of his hand instead of his napkin, and prepared to agree with his twin in everything she suggested.

Kitty having finished also, the two retired to a private corner, and the following conversation went on in excited whispers :

“Willie, *we* must give Mamma Rose a birthday present as well as gran’ma, an’ we jus’ got to go ahead an’ do it ’thout lettin’ her ’spect a single thing ’bout it, you see.”

Willie saw.

“An’ we must think of somethin’ *awful* nice, an’ jus’ what she’s been a-wantin’ *mostest*, if we can,

you know, so's to make her gladder 'n the slippers will make her."

Willie nodded excitedly.

"An' you'll be sure not to let on 'bout it?"

"Course not," replied Willie, indignantly.

"'Pon your word an' sacred honor?"

"Oh, yes, I tell you, Kitty Rose, ain't you *ever* a-goin' to believe a body?"

"Well, now let's guess what mamma wants very much; maybe—"

"Oh, *I* know!" interrupted Willie, "for don't you know she said one day to papa she did wish we had turkeys? They'd be a nice in—investor, or somethin' like that, an' papa, he said maybe sometime he'd manage to get her some."

"Well, he ain't managed yet," replied Kitty, gleefully, "so maybe *we* can, Willie, an', oh, won't it be the *bestest* fun we ever had?"

"I wonder what an 'investor' is, anyway," said Willie, somewhat anxiously; "do you s'pose it's a partic'ler kind of a turkey?"

"Maybe it's a very nice, tender kind that makes

nice Thanksgivin's, you know," replied Kitty, quite wisely, in her opinion, for what else would her mother want turkeys for if not to eat when Thanksgiving-time came?

---

So now the twins had a *real* secret from mamma, and the first thing for them to do was to earn, as secretly as possible, a little money with which to go to a farmer who lived a long way off — they had been there once in a wagon with their father — and buy a turkey or two from the many he owned. That the money must be earned was very certain, but *how* to earn it they didn't know, and grew quite worried over the matter. They were strongly tempted at one time to go to grandma, but resisted the temptation, and determined to put the whole business through by themselves, by hook or by crook. And finally by "hook" they started it in this way:

It was a bright morning when Willie and Kitty started off in high glee, by mamma's permission, to have a little picnic of their own down by the



GOING A-FISHING. — *Page 27.*



brook a short distance from the little home. Baby Rose was unusually troublesome that morning, and mamma had her hands full, and grandma too, for that matter, and the twins asked so innocently if they might go on their little picnic and have a nice time, and they promised so earnestly to take care and not get into mischief, and the day was so bright and glad, and they had been so used to going on walks and wandering about by themselves, never getting into serious trouble of any kind, that, to tell the truth, I think mamma and grandma were rather glad to have the house quiet for a time. So off they started, with basket and fishing-pole, for Willie had whispered to Kitty his plan to catch fish and sell them to the hotel people, and maybe earn enough in that way to buy the turkeys.

Very happy little folks they were as they went gayly along the road and finally turned into the woods by the brook. But oh, dear me! what a pity it was that not a single little fish was goosie enough to be caught! Willie's hook was an old one,

and he didn't know how to bait it very well, and Kitty couldn't bear to touch a worm. So after a while they gave up fishing in despair and ate the nice luncheon grandma had put up for them, with only half the appetite they would have had with better luck. Finally, "*I don't care!*" cried Kitty, starting up. "If we can't get fish to sell, we can try *ferns an'* things, 'cause sometimes folks buys 'em at the hotel. I saw a girl sellin' some once, myself, an' the ladies paid her for 'em right off. Let's try."

Willie was ready, and the more so because he couldn't fish any more if he wanted to, for his rod — a long switch cut from a tree, and not strong at its best — suddenly broke in two, and his line and hook caught in a stone and snapped off, and he was altogether a very disgusted little fisherman.

So the twins gathered a quantity of fragrant ferns and wood blossoms, and filling their basket started for the village hotel, not far off. On the way Kitty was seized with the brilliant idea of filling her dinner-pail with berries which were growing along the roadside.

“Folks always are hungry for berries,” she said, and Willie stopped pulling and eating berries himself, and helped his sister fill the pail with the pretty red raspberries which he felt sure somebody would want to buy. When they reached the village—both feeling a little troubled in their hearts lest mamma would not have been quite willing to trust them so far—Kitty decided to try the experiment of calling at the kitchen doors of some houses along the way, while Willie went straight to the big hotel piazza with his basket of ferns and pretty flowers. They were carefully covered from the sun, and he hoped they would look quite fresh and pretty for his anticipated customers.

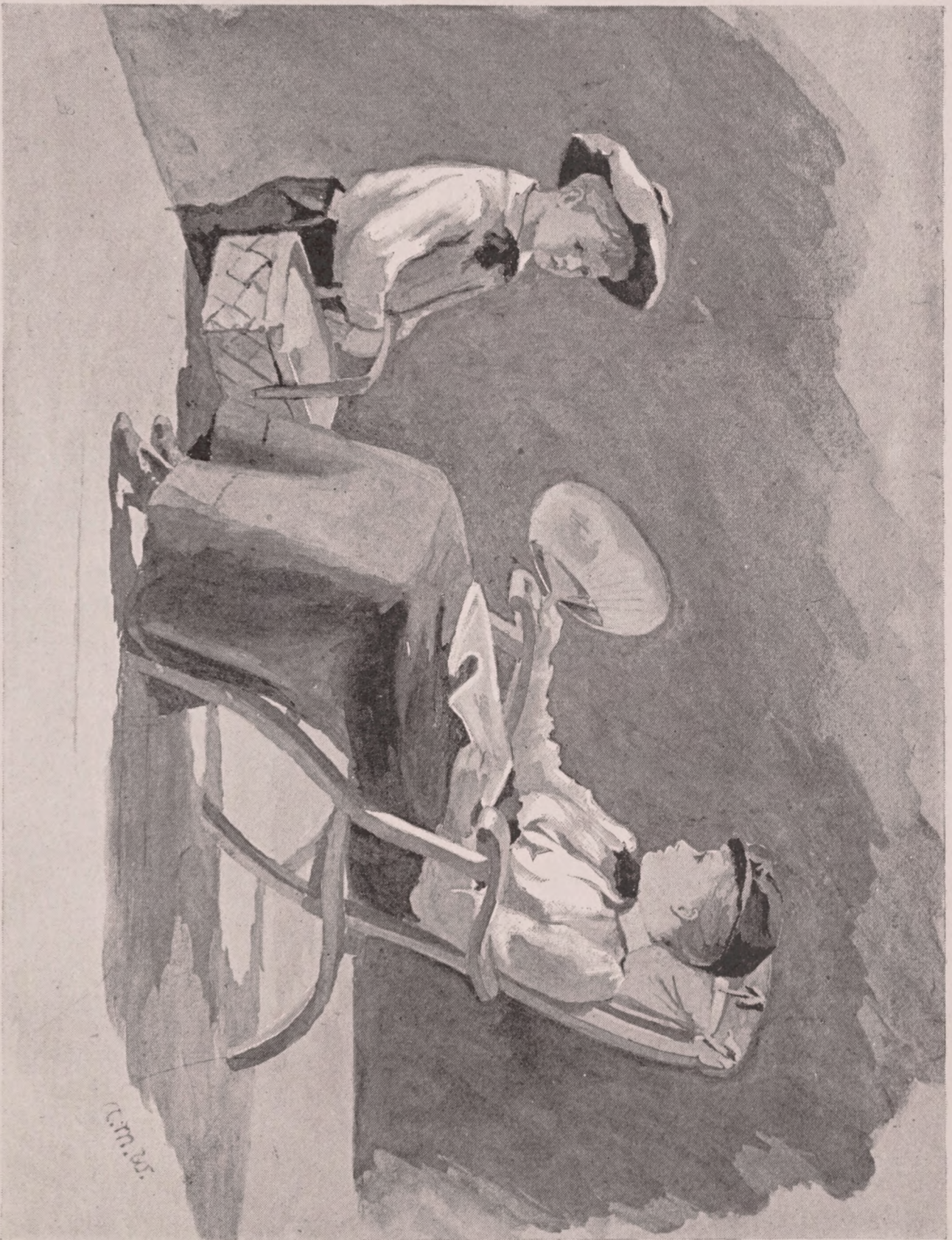
---

The piazza of the hotel seemed quite crowded with guests as Willie drew near, and everybody was well dressed, and seemed happy as could be. There was plenty of laughing and talking, and even singing going on, and there were fat, healthy babies with their nurses and rich mammas, and little boys and

girls of the same age as he and Kitty, and they were dressed in fine clothes, and having such gay times, with nothing to do but be happy.

As Willie began to ascend the broad steps at the main piazza, one of the gentlemen saw him, and called out carelessly, "Needn't come up, little boy, we don't want to buy anything to-day;" and poor Willie, blushing furiously because everybody turned and looked at him, and feeling so disappointed he didn't know how he *could* keep the tears out of his blue eyes, turned away and walked slowly on.

Maybe he did give a little stifled sob, because he couldn't help it, and he was only seven years old, —such a little fellow, you know, —or maybe when he drew his sleeve across his eyes somebody saw him; at any rate, just as he passed the corner of the house where there was a little lonely piazza, quite apart from the large crowded one behind him, a sweet voice called, "What's the matter, little boy?" and there was a young girl lounging in a steamer chair, and trying to keep cool with her fan and her magazine. I don't think she was more than fourteen



“WISH YOU'D BUY SOMETHIN', MA'AM.” — *Page 33.*



years old, but to Willie she looked like a real young lady, and so he ascended the steps with his basket, and said, very politely :

“ I wish you'd buy somethin', ma'am.”

Now, little Miss Sallie Lunn (we will call her that, because, perhaps, she'd rather I would not give her real name) was not used to being addressed as “ ma'am,” and it gave her a very dignified feeling to hear herself so addressed by Willie just now. Consequently she took an immediate interest in him, and asked what he had for sale.

He set his basket down at her feet, and displayed his ferns, and some pretty red berries, and other wild flowers which we often find hidden away in the beautiful woods every summer.

Some people — more's the pity — don't care for such things, and won't take the trouble to look for them ; but, on the other hand, a great many lovers of Nature and of her beautiful treasures *are* met with in this dear old world of ours, and to such Miss Sallie Lunn, very fortunately for Willie, belonged.

So she put down her magazine and fan and looked

over Willie's basket, and bought quite a large bunch of ferns for pressing, and then she kindly called one or two of her friends from the crowd on the main piazza and induced them to buy also. And before ten minutes had passed, lo and behold! the boy's basket was quite empty, and he was full of smiles and dimples. He couldn't help confiding to Sallie — and wondered a minute after if it was breaking his promise to Kitty to have done so, though he truly didn't *mean* to break his word — that he and his sister were going to buy a birthday present for mamma, and *had* to sell things in order to get money to buy with. And when she asked what he was going to buy, he very nearly blurted out "Turkeys!" in his eagerness. But he caught himself in time, and all Sallie heard was the sound of "*T*," and she could hardly make anything out of that. Willie blushed a good deal as he explained why he couldn't tell more, "'cause it was *such* a secret, an' Kitty had told him to be sure not to tell a single soul."

"Oh, very well, then, never mind, you'll tell me

some day, and I'm going to help you all I can. You can bring me some more ferns to-morrow, and get the smallest you can, because I want to press them ; they make very nice decorations in winter, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if some of the other ladies bought some too."

That was very encouraging to Willie, and he slung his basket over his arm, and, bidding Miss Sallie Lunn good-by, went to the broad village square where he had arranged to meet Kitty.

And there he had quite a "wait," till he grew a little frightened, and wished he had stayed at home, notwithstanding the pennies knocking together so merrily in his pocket in place of the ferns in his basket.

But what *was* keeping Kitty all this time? Well, the little girl was having an experience, and truly this had been, or was being, perhaps I should say, a very unusual and odd kind of a day for these twin Roses who had strayed so far from their own safe bower.

Kitty had really succeeded in selling her berries,

and sold them all, in fact, at the first house at which she called. Her timid little knock had brought to the kitchen door a kind-faced old woman, about as old, Kitty thought, as her own grandma at home, and so she found her courage, which had been growing faint, rising again hopefully, and offered her little wares with such an earnest tongue, and such an eager pair of eyes, that the woman said cheerily :

“Want your berries? of course we do, little one, and I’d like to buy you too. What is your name, my dear?” So Kitty emptied her pail as Willie had his basket, and meanwhile was coaxed out of her secret, by the kind questions of the old woman (who was “some one’s else gran’ma,” though not Kitty’s), until she had betrayed even more than Willie had dared to.

“La sakes! what a child you are!” laughed the woman, patting Kitty’s brown head. “I do hope you’ll get those turkeys, sure enough; and here, now, are a few extra pennies to help you out.”

Kitty blushed very red for pure joy, and made a funny little courtesy to her customer, as she sup-



KITTY WAITS, AND THINKS OF THOSE TURKEYS. — *Page 38.*

posed was the polite and proper way of expressing her thanks.

“You are a very nice, kind lady!” she said, “and I shall ask my brother Willie to thank you, too, in his heart.”

“Do so, my little dear,” replied the woman, kindly, “and — wait a minute, sit here until I return.”

So Kitty sat down in a kitchen chair and waited, and thought of those turkeys until she could almost hear them gobble right there in her ears. She had sold her berries for fifteen cents (more than they were worth, of course, when berries were so plentiful, but you see the woman had been kind and generous, because she had taken a liking to Kitty), and the extra pennies given as a gift made twenty-five cents in all to carry to Willie and put with his money, if he had earned any, and, oh, how she *hoped* and *hoped* he had!

Presently the woman came back. “I’ve been talking to my next-door neighbor,” she said, “and she wants you to bring her your pail full to the brim of berries to-morrow, and after that you can bring *me* some more. And you didn’t tell me, my dear, where you expect to get your turkeys. I do

hope you won't be disappointed about them." So Kitty told her of the large farm away out in the country. "He's a kind man," she added, "'cause once when papa had something to do 'bout a pig, he took me an' Willie with him, an' he smiled at us real kindly. His name's Jones, an' he has, oh, *such* a lot of turkeys!"

The woman laughed. "Why, Jones is *my* name, too," she said. "Well, I wish you good fortune, dearie."

So, swinging her pail by its handle, and in more of a flutter than she had ever been in her short life before, and as rosy as her name with her glad anticipations, Kitty hurried down the road to the meeting-place where her brother awaited her so impatiently.

There they compared experiences, and turned homeward, talking as they went, as fast as their little tongues could wag.

And what do you think that nice old woman — Kitty's "customer," as she called her — did the very minute the little girl's back was turned? Why, she

sat down at her old-fashioned desk and wrote a note, and this is what it said :

“DEAR BROTHER DICK: If two mites of children come to you wanting to buy a turkey or two for a *handful* of *pennies*, don't you say anything to bother them, but let them have the turkeys, and pretend they are paying the right price. I will be out in a day or two and explain; but I want you to be sure and not disappoint the children. You won't be sorry when I tell you all about it. Good-by; no time for more now, this is baking-day, you know. Hope your folks are all well.

“Your sister,

“HANNAH.”

Having written this, and read it over to see if she had made things all plain, Miss Jones—or, as the village children loved to call the dear little fat maiden lady who was so good to them all, *Auntie* Jones—hurried to the post-office and mailed her note just a few moments, fortunately, before the stage

would come along and pick up the mail for delivery farther along a mile or so.

Meanwhile, our twin roses had made good speed towards home. The distance was short, and all they had accomplished had not kept them longer from their home than the morning of fun and picnicking, according to mother's permission, would have detained them. Consequently neither mamma nor grandma were at all worried, and imagined the twins to be peacefully playing together in the woods so near at hand.

"They'll come home when they're tired," said grandma, placidly knitting away on her slippers; and as it was only a little after the noon hour, mamma expected every minute to hear the wild, merry little voices shouting out, as usual, as her twins returned hungry and dusty from their impromptu picnic of two.

What a nice, quiet morning it had been, to be sure! and Baby Rose was certainly as good as a sick, drooping little Rosebud could be. No childish, noisy laugh had awakened her from her morning

nap, and mamma had had plenty of time to attend to her duties, for you must know that she was housekeeper, kitchen-maid, cook, and maid, and mistress of the house, and nurse and mamma, all in one, and no wonder she grew very tired sometimes. Well, the twins trotted on over the road, through the woods, and out by the lane, until at last, sure enough, mamma heard the sound of happy little voices, and presently two little figures chased each other up the garden path, and tumbled into her arms.

“Bless me!” said grandma, looking over her spectacles, “what a nice, long picnic you have had! Have you had a splendid time?”

“Oh, *splendid!*” shouted the twins together, and the empty basket and pail went flying out on the grass, as the children, heedless of order, only thought of how they could coax mamma to let them have just such a nice picnic to-morrow.

“Mamma, mamma!” they began, but —

“Go first and pick up the basket and pail. They don’t belong out on the grass, you know,” said mamma.

“Oh, yes,” replied quick-witted Willie, who found a place in which to push his wedge in. “We must be careful of them, of course, ’cause, mamma, we want to go on a picnic again to-morrow, it’s *such* fun, an’ — an’ we’ve taken such good care of us, mamma, you see.”

“An’ we don’t keep wakin’ Rosebud up when we’re on a picnic,” chimed in Kitty, “an’ so I should think you’d like us to be ’way,” coaxingly.

Mamma looked at them in surprise. “Two days in succession of picnic? Why, that’s a funny idea! What do you do to have such a good time that you can’t wait awhile for another picnic?”

The twins exchanged glances, and grew red as the red roses out on the bush.

“Children!” cried mamma, sternly, “what are you hiding from me? Are you doing anything wrong?”

They threw little arms around her neck, nearly choking her in their energy, and rained kisses all over her face from their warm little lips, even yet sticky with the warmth of the August day.

“Oh, no, no, no, not a single wrong thing, mamma!” they cried; and Kitty added, “We’re only havin’ some fun, an’ when it’s finished we’re goin’ to call you an’ gran’ma to see it.”

“Very well, I’ll trust you,” said mamma; “you may go to-morrow, but I do hope you will be very careful, and not be naughty in any of your plans.”

With a whoop (and *that* woke baby up, sure enough) the twins bounded away, while grandma said in her grandmotherly way, “Lor, dear, I suppose the little souls are building a dam in the brook, and are as proud of their work as if they were real bridge-builders!”

---

The next day had just such a fine, bright morning as the children had enjoyed before, as they started bright and early for the “picnic” in the woods.

The luncheon was eaten at once, so as to make room for the berries in the pail, and the ferns were gathered by quantities for the basket. Dainty little

ferns, such as Sallie Lunn, you remember, had asked Willie to bring her, and pretty blossoms, and little trailing vines, all found a place, huddling together in a fragrant confusion in the basket, and covered from the hot sun-rays by the napkins grandma had provided for the lunch. Then the children sat down by the roadside to discuss matters.

“How we goin’ to go an’ buy those turkeys, I’d jus’ like to know, Willie Rose, when mamma was so ’fraid to let us come off alone ’gain to-day? It’s a *drefful* long way to that man’s house, an’ we won’t get back for so late, an’ mamma’ll scold an’ be so worried!”

“We *must* manage it somehow, I tell you!” replied Willie. “I wouldn’t be such a ’fraid-girl ’f I were *you*, Kitty Rose! We can ask mamma to let us take a walk, an’ then we can run as fast as anythin’, an’ — well, we can’t help it if we *are* scolded; it’ll be all for her sake, an’ she’ll be sorry when she knows what we were doin’ all that time *she* thought we were bein’ naughty.”

“We can’t make b’lieve we were *losted*, ’cause

that would be a story; an' if *mamma* didn't know it, *God*, that's up in heaven, would, 'cause He's always seein' us, you know."

"Oh, no! *we* don't tell stories, we ain't that kind, and 'sides, that would spoil our present to *mamma*. But maybe — oh, Kitty, maybe we'll get losted really an' truly, an' then — then we can't help it, an' it won't be a story."

"But I don't *want* to have that happen," whined Kitty; "I'd get drefful scared if it really did."

Willie picked up his basket and shrugged his fat little shoulders.

"Come on," he said, "'taint any use thinkin' things now; we've jus' got to go *somehow*, an' " — he put his little lips close to Kitty's ear and whispered — "gran'ma says the Father in heaven loves little children, an' I 'most feel sure *He* knows how we want to get those turkeys for our dear, sweet, darlin' *mamma*, when she's so patient an' good, an' so tired, an' has got a birthday comin', an' — an' He'll jus' fix a way for us to get 'em, see if He don't." That was a comforting thought to both

children, and they went on their way, filling the pail with berries as they walked along.

We need not take time nor space to go through with the details of the visit to the village this time, because we already know that as the children were expected, they were profited accordingly, and when they turned homeward again they had, all in all, the handling of fifty cents in pennies and nickels. Kitty's kind Miss Jones—to whom she had this time found a chance to introduce Willie—had counted their money for them (as they, the seven-year-old twins, were hardly arithmeticians as yet), and they felt as rich as kings and queens, as they trudged home, quite determined to take the first chance offered and set out on the journey turkey-ward.

*Where* to keep that precious money was a matter of serious thought and grave importance, but finally Kitty decided to hide it in dolly's stocking, and shut dolly, with her mine of wealth, up in the playhouse closet till she could be relieved of her responsibility later on.

---

Well, days — a very few of them — went on unexcitedly enough after that, so far as appearances went; but the twin Roses were ready to droop and hang their pretty heads in despair as the birthday drew near, and they were still puzzling how to go the long distance for the wonderful birthday gift. At last, however, Willie plucked up courage, and bravely told mamma that he and Kitty were “jus’ crazy an’ pinin’ away for a reg’ler long walk ’way up the road, an’ if she’d let ’em go an’ promise to *trus’* ’em, an’ not be scared if they didn’t get home for ’most dinner-time, they’d be so good afterwards she wouldn’t have to scold ’em ever again!”

She laughed and asked grandma what *she* thought, and of course grandma sided with her pets; and the long and short of it all was that they *did* start off the very next morning, quivering all over with suppressed excitement and happy anticipation.

They walked and walked straight on, as they remembered the road their father had taken, and by more good fortune, when, by and by, they came to a fork in the road, they turned in the right

direction, and so at last reached the farm, and asked for Mr. Jones. A nice, jolly old fellow he was, as good-natured as his sister, and so like her in looks that Kitty wondered if *all* fat, kind people looked like each other.

He put his hands in his pockets and spread his feet apart comfortably, and looked quizzically down upon the twins before him.

“Wal, I declar’!” he chuckled, “if you ain’t as like as two peas in a pod. If you both had hair the same color, I declar’ I shouldn’t know which from t’other. Wal! what can *I* do for ye?”

Willie explained, helped along by Kitty in a confusing sort of way, which would have puzzled the farmer if his sister’s note hadn’t reached him in advance of the turkey buyers.

“Oh, I see, ye want to buy three turkeys of me. Can ye afford it, do ye think?”

“Oh, yes, sir; we’ve got fifty centses!” replied Kitty, beginning to untie the knot in her handkerchief. The man chuckled, and shook all over with the laugh he couldn’t wholly restrain.

“Wal, turkeys is usually a *leetle* more’n that in price, but I’m havin’ a sale just now an’ want to clear out some of them turkeys, an’ so being as it’s you twins, I’ll sell ’em at your price.”

“Oh, *thank* you! you’re a kind man, like a lady we know in the village!” exclaimed Kitty; and Willie added impulsively, “You’re as kind to us as if we were *your* twins ’stead of papa’s an’ mamma’s.”

That pleased the farmer, and set him shaking again. Then he showed the children the turkeys they could have,—a fine big one and two smaller ones; and after they had finished capering about for joy, the question of “how to get them home” arose.

“Oh, we never thought of *that*,” said Kitty to Willie.

“So we didn’t,” replied Willie to Kitty.

“Wal, can’t your folks send for ’em?” questioned the farmer.

The twins looked startled.

“Oh, no, no! no, sir!” cried Willie. “You see it’s a birthday present to my mamma, an’ we

wouldn't have her know till we show it to her." Then the children explained all their plan, and the farmer was full of interest, of course. Finally it was agreed that he should get the turkeys over when he went to the village, as he had to do soon, and put them in a little corner lot which happened to be fenced on all sides, and where papa kept odd tools and rubbish sometimes; they would be safe there till mamma could see them. And the good-natured farmer, finding that the birthday would occur on the day after to-morrow, agreed to make his trip past the "Rose Bower" on that morning early, and leave the turkeys without being seen, as the lot in question was behind some high bushes, and in the rear of the house.

He claimed a kiss from each twin to complete the bargain, and then the little travellers started for home. Oh, what a hot day it was! And how long the walk seemed! When they reached the fork of the road they were puzzled, and ready to cry at last. Kitty's dread of getting "lost" returned, and Willie was too tired to think which was the right

or wrong way. The sun had mounted high up in the sky by this time, and the noon hour was at hand.

But at last — perhaps the dear guardian angel, whom we like to fancy keeps loving watch over little children and keeps them from harm, helped our twin Roses to choose the *right* way, for they took it, tempted by the shade of trees which the other road lacked, and finally reached the cool little home, where mamma was beginning to be anxious for them.

Neither of the children cared for dinner with their usual hearty appetites, and when, by and by, Willie began to look flushed, and wanted to put his head down on grandma's knee, and said baby's crying hurt him in his forehead, it was plain to be seen that he had that very unusual thing for *him*, a headache, and a bad one, too.

“Would he go and get into bed and be quiet?”

“No, he didn't want to; he wanted to sit up and be well pretty soon.”

“Would he let grandma give him some medicine?”



“SUCH A HEADACHE!” — *Page 52.*

“No, not yet; he wanted to wait and see if he wouldn’t soon be better.”

He was getting to be very cross and miserable, and mamma regretted sincerely that she had allowed the children to take so long a walk. She didn’t know that they had *run* most of the way, poor little things! so as not to be late home. To

have told her that would have let out part of the secret.

So she fixed him a nice bowl of milk porridge, and tied his head in a wet towel, and let him sit quietly in his chair until he felt it wiser to go to bed and to sleep. Meanwhile, where was Kitty? Grandma, going through the upper hall a few moments later, saw a little figure huddled on the floor against the wall, near the dolly's house, with dolly sprawling at its side, and Kitty No. 2 snuggled in its lap. The little figure proved to be Kitty Rose, and fast asleep, too, as a tired, worn-out little maid could be.

She had tried so hard not to let mamma know how very tired and uncomfortable she was, and she had gone so bravely to play with her doll and kitten, trying to forget her tiredness and the sleepy feeling she wasn't used to right in the middle of the day.

But, oh, dear! it was of no use. Sleep caught little Kitty Rose right there in the midst of her play, and so grandma found her. Before long they

were both in bed, however, and dreaming of turkeys as big as their own selves.



“SO TIRED!” — *Page 54.*

“By-oh, baby dear, by-by!  
Hush, my Rosebud, do not cry!  
Little birds are in the nest,  
Going softly now to rest.

*My* wee bird must slumber too,  
Sweetly, all the long night through,  
Till the sunbeams come to say,  
‘Wake up, baby, it is day!’  
By-oh-by, my baby dear,  
Mother loves you, do not fear.  
On your mother’s loving breast  
You, sweet bird, shall go to rest.  
Lullaby, oh, lullaby,  
Stars are peeping from the sky;  
By-oh-by, my Rosebud dear,  
Mother loves you, do not fear.”

---

To and fro, to and fro, rocked Mamma Rose,  
with baby in her arms, and the kettle singing  
away to make a sort of duet with her voice.

The twins snug in bed, and baby soon to be,  
she and grandma would have a nice, cosey supper  
by themselves, and a good, long evening to sew.

Mamma was thinking of many things as she sat  
there before the stove at the close of a rainy day,



A LULLABY DUET WITH THE KETTLE. — *Page 56.*



when there had been little of August weather warmth and cheer, and the twins had been dolefully confined to the house.

It was well for them that they had gone to buy their turkeys the day before, since the weather had so suddenly changed in the night, and brought about such a miserable kind of day as this had been. Baby had cried a good deal, the twins had been good and naughty by turns (quite forgetful of their promise the day before when the longed-for walk had been granted them), and poor, tired mamma was glad to sit down in her rocker before the comfortable warmth of the stove, and rock and sing her Rosebud to sleep. But as she sang, her thoughts were on many things. To-morrow would be her birthday, and for the first time in many years her husband would not be with her, to take her in his arms and count her years in loving kisses, as her children loved to do. That was one sad thought to mix in with baby's lullaby. Then she knew that times were hard with them lately; that was one reason poor papa was kept away so long from

home, trying in every way to see how he could better his circumstances. Then, again, baby was so sick, and there was danger that she might grow worse. All these were rather grave thoughts, you see, and perhaps the gloomy day had turned them so.

But when, pretty soon, grandma came in and lighted the lamps, and the curtains were drawn snugly, and the nice little healthy supper was finished, and the mother and daughter sat down to sew together, mending little garments, and loving the little wearers so much, why, *then* the sad thoughts flew away with the vanished shadows, and mamma was as bright as could be, and just as gay as if she had discovered the secret of the twins, and knew what a “be-youtiful present” would await her in the morning.

Early on the morning of the birthday — the next morning, as I have said, to the doleful rainy one — the twin Roses awoke, all full of happy thoughts.

---

“*Had* Mr. Jones remembered his promise? Oh, if he should have forgotten, *what* should they do?”



“‘GOBBLE, GOBBLE,’ YOURSELVES.” — *Page 63.*



They dressed themselves as far as they could without help (only asking grandma to “button the toppest button” and “tie the little, soft bow in front”), and then away they flew into the garden, behind the thick bushes, and down to the little three-cornered plot of ground where they *hoped* to find the turkeys.

---

Ah! *there* they were, the three of them! the “lovely, *precious* turkeys.” Oh, how Willie and Kitty did jump up and down, and look over the fence, and hop up and down again!

“Gobble, gobble,” said the turkeys; and the big one strutted about, so vain, and with such airs.

“‘Gobble, gobble,’ yourselves,” answered the twins, as they scampered back to the house.

“Mamma! mamma!” they cried, pulling at her gown. “And you, too, gran’ma! oh, *do* come and see something we’ve found in the yard!”

Wondering what it could be, the mother and old lady followed the twins, and — can you guess better

than I can tell you what happened when mamma saw her birthday gifts from her twin Roses, her Wild Roses, her Blush Roses, her sweet, *sweet* little Roses? How she stared, and how she laughed, and how she finally sat down in the grass and *cried*, because of the love and thoughtfulness of her little twins, and of all the trouble they had taken for her sake!

They told her all about it from beginning to end, and grandma had to wipe her spectacles a great many times before the story was done.

And as *their* story finishes, so must mine, dear little readers; and now we will say good-by to the twin Roses and the Rosebud, and hope that they may continue to bloom and grow amidst the brightest sunshine the beautiful skies can spare them for many years.

THE END.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021204420

